

Wherefore should I make my moan,  
Now the darling child is dead?  
He to rest is early gone,  
He to paradise is fled!  
I shall go to him, but he  
Never shall return to me.

God forbids his longer stay,  
God recalls the precious loan!  
He hath taken him away,  
From my bosom to his own.  
Surely what he wills is best:  
Happy in his will I rest.

She cries out, 'It is the Lord!  
To him do I commend him good;  
His holy name adored,  
Take the gift awhile bestowed;  
Take the child, no longer mine;  
Thine he is, for ever thine!'"

--C. WESLEY.